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The Liberalist

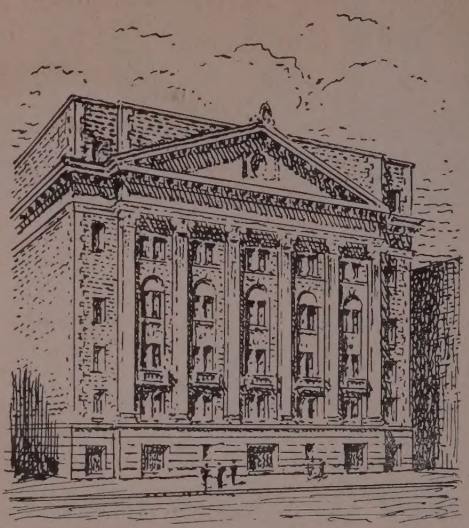
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Sonnet to the New Year

Grant, Life, that this New Year of unknown store,
Will bring old paths and problems to an end,
By giving us new hilltops to ascend
And heights that dwarf the trails we made before;
That there will be vast distance to explore,
Where keener sight and understanding blend,
And finer sensibilities transcend
The unrealities of heretofore.

Let not the lessons taught by war and pain
Be ever ours to learn through tears again,
But in the days to come let it be said
That new-born faith has risen from the dead.
The grave is deep; it holds all hate and fear.
Love's Renaissance will dawn again this year!

Francesca Falk Miller



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXI **January, 1945** *Number 10*

I Am the New Year

I am the New Year.

I am the one unspoiled bit of Beauty in God's Universe.

I am Romance, and Glitter, and High Resolution, and,—Dreams.

My only Handicap is the dead weight of old Habits and hard-set Ways of Doing Things that I must carry over from the Past into my new ministry to your heart.

My one Fear is that some day you also will settle down to the conviction that the New is always an Illusion.

My single Hope lies in your chance Faith

Faith that what has been proved Impossible by long experience can at last be attained;

Faith that Failure is but an Incident and not the End of the Journey;

Faith that some day, Mankind will be free from the Shackles of his own forging, Childhood will have its chance, and Love will achieve its God-like Destiny;

Faith that He who said "Behold, I make all things new" had somehow grasped the Secret for making His own Dream come true.

Faith that those who share with Him the Adventure of his Self-commitment shall find the Secret of Overflowing Life.

I am God's plan for Girding the Loins of His intrepid Co-workers in the long, but joyous march to the Goal of His Beneficent Purpose.

I am the New Year.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence at Sheridan
33rd Year

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

7:30 o'clock—Not Broadcast (2,000 seats)

✦ ✦ ✦

Church School of Religious Education—Sunday, 9:30 A.M.

✦ ✦ ✦

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures—8:00 to 9:30

✦ ✦ ✦

Dr. Bradley's Book Lectures for January

Jan. 3—Dramatic Recital "THEY BURNED THE BOOKS"
by J. Bradley-Griffin

Jan. 10—"CAESAR AND CHRIST"
by Will Durant

Jan. 17—"TRY AND STOP ME"
by Bennet Serf

Jan. 24—"THE SHAPE OF BOOKS TO COME"
by J. Donald Adams

Jan. 31—"IMMORTAL WIFE"
by Irving Stone

✦ ✦ ✦

Hear Dr. Bradley's Broadcasts

WGN—6:00 P.M.—Monday Through Friday
(Each Wednesday a Book Review—Each Friday a Question Box)

WJJD—11:00 to 12:30—Every Sunday Morning

Announcing—A thirteen-weeks Series of Round-Table Broadcasts, "Liberal Religion on the Air," sponsored by the Chicago Unitarian Council.

Every Sunday at 1:45 p.m. over WAIT (820 on the dial) beginning December 3rd.

Sunday, January 7th—Dr. Preston Bradley

Sunday, January 21st—Mr. John Powell, of the Peoples Church

"WHAT MUST ONE DO TO BE SAVED?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

AFTER one of the finest philosophical minds which Christianity probably has ever produced—the great mind of Paul—had experienced the full impact of the teachings of Jesus, there took possession of him immediately a desire to spread, as far as his limitations would permit, the truth as he thought it had been revealed to him. In other words, the moment the dominating thought of the Christian idealogy was grasped by the intellect of Paul, he immediately wanted to share that with as many people as possible who did not take that position. Therefore, he at once became the first great and important missionary in the spreading of the new perception which came to him with the illumination of truth, as he saw it in the personality of Jesus, and he started out through the country, Asia Minor and Palestine, to carry on and to project this truth.

One of the places which he finally visited was that very dense area of Macedonia. The Macedonians were a very strange and unusual people; they were rather impervious to the infiltration of any truth, or any doctrine, which seemed antagonistic to their own traditions. That, of course, is something which is quite general and quite universal with us; all truth always has a very difficult time in the world, and there are always many obstacles and barriers which seem to threaten, with ever increasing potency, the application of truth.

Paul finally listens to the cry of the Macedonians and we find him, with his companion, Silas, going to the city of Philippi in Macedonia, attempting to explain to these people by his sermons, and lectures, and conversations, his conception of the truth as it was revealed to him in the teachings of Christ. Of course, there was great confusion, it created great argument and consternation until the civil authorities thought that this man was dangerous and that the way to prevent the expression of truth was to jail the Truth-teacher, and subsequently, those who were representatives of officialdom jailed Paul and Silas, thinking that in their incarceration they would be unable to propagandize the new theory and the new philosophy of religion.

Something happened during the night. An earthquake shook the city and when it came, in the midnight hour, the doors of the jail itself were jarred open, the walls fell and every prisoner was given an opportunity to escape. When those who were the officials of the jail realized what had happened in consternation they rushed to where Paul and Silas were in prison, expecting they would have escaped with the other prisoners there, and that their official positions would be destroyed. To their utter amazement they were greeted by Paul and Silas, who replied to the jailers' consternation: "Have no worry, have no anxiety, none of us has escaped, none of us has gotten away, we are all here just as we were." Freedom and escape were available, but they chose to remain prisoners. So astounding was their attitude toward the people who represented the officials that in amazement one of them turned to Paul and

said, "What must I do to be saved? With all this opportunity which you have had here to escape and you did not escape, there must be something of reality in a philosophy that will change a person from following the normal, ordinary and usual technique under certain such circumstances and not escape. *WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?"*

This question has been bandied about upon the lips of those who possess religious zeal and religious enthusiasms. It has been utilized from all sorts of quarters and in all sorts of ways—"What must One do to be Saved?" and I wanted to give it a little different consideration this morning because I feel that it is preeminent and essential that each of us have a conception of salvation which though it may not fit easily into the traditional mood or conventional idea, yet it might give us a widening comprehension of what constitutes something called "Salvation."

I have always maintained, and I think I am quite historically correct, that the Apostle Paul is the founder of Christianity, and not Jesus. It was the Apostle Paul who, from the activities of Jesus and the practical and pragmatic lessons which Jesus gave to the world, entered into metaphysics, which gradually increased a lack of interest in the pragmatic aspect of Christianity and centered upon a mystical relationship and also lifted the emphasis off from the social implications of the teachings of Jesus and put that emphasis in individual relationship.

In other words, then, to be saved came to mean that a person had acquiesced in certain Pauline theological attitudes to the extent that something had happened to his individual soul, and that that individual soul, because of that idea of salvation, had become safe and secure after death, and very soon religion came to be entirely, in the traditional sense, concerned with the destiny of a human soul after the human soul had passed out of life, and in the nomenclature of most of those who glibly mouthed these great phrases and great questions, Christianity became something which was nothing more or less than the acceptance through faith that by meeting certain conditions in which the sacrifice of blood was involved and the sins were washed away that the individual soul had been saved and that, therefore, that soul's own destiny after death was secure. And so Christianity came to mean pretty largely an emphasis on individual wellbeing, the salvation of one's soul.

Now, that was the motif, by the way, that inspired the jailers to speak to Paul and Silas when they said: "What must I do to be saved?" I would be the last of all to speak critically or create any dissatisfaction in the mind or heart of any person who felt that salvation consisted solely in their own soul being saved, but that is not, I think what is evidenced again and again in the philosophy and teachings of Christ. That was the primary emphasis of Paul; it was never the primary emphasis of Jesus, for whenever Jesus was confronted with an individual, and that individual was concerned about the welfare of his soul, this great Teacher of Galilee, to whom I much prefer to listen rather than to anything that Paul said or wrote—this great Teacher always said there was something He must do. Paul never saw Jesus; he never had any deep, fundamental, personal contact with the physical Teacher. . . . Paul constructed a whole theory of theology which the Church has en-

compassed, nurtured, fostered all through the ages, and identified Christianity with some other sphere of consciousness.

Now, I happen to accept the idea of the evolution of the soul, an idea which to me is impressively great in its logic and which I think can be demonstrated. In other words, I think that we function on various planes of human consciousness, and that on the present plane of consciousness upon which we are functioning, which is our present life span of soul consciousness, that there are capacities of adaptations in the spirit and genius of man which will enable man to adjust himself as these other planes of consciousness come, and undeniably we change our level of consciousness with death. That, I believe, is the very secret of the principle of death as we find it all through the whole cosmos. Undeniably we change our relationship with the new plane of whatever is beyond death, but that it is all a development of consciousness on various planes of activity, I believe. So, of course, I do not believe *less* in immortality, I believe *more* in immortality than most people who accept a mere orthodox interpretation of Pauline theology, for, to me, life immortal and life eternal is life progessive; that life never stops upon any plane. No person in the Church this morning will be the same person when he leaves this Church that he was when he came in; you will not be the same personality. We are in constant process of change; therefore, to me, that change is always evolving toward the fundamental truth of the eternal, and salvation does not consist primarily in merely accepting the washing away of sins, the forgiveness of sins, and a person's safety, so they can feel secure and safe that they have met all the demands of Pauline theology, but salvation in its higher implications means that I am constantly, harmoniously adjusting myself nearer and nearer to that which is eternal, and that salvation is not a single, mystical, strange act in which there is some strange or sudden transition, but that salvation is a gradual and a materializing result of one's unity with the eternal good. Remember always that Jesus as the great Teacher had a larger, more expansive God consciousness than any man who has ever lived, and it was the consciousness of the reality which dominated the whole spirit, the whole thinking, and the whole acting of the Man of Galilee and the Poet of Nazareth. And when the ecclesiasts and the theologians, beginning in the third century after he lived, substituted a theological Christ, made him the recluse of ceremony and form, took the full impact of his truth away from applying it to human society and attempted to make Christianity wholly an escape religion of safety for another world; then it all became organized and reorganized, and reformations came, the Protestantism broke up into three or four hundred different sects, and each of those sects broke up until we have the whole ghastly record of nineteen centuries of a Christianity twisted by theological theories, down to even the modern fundamentalists today with the shouting, and the music, and all of the appeal to the emotions of the people at a time when people's emotions are more sensitive than at any other period of their lives. The heyday for religious fanaticism is always in the midst of war, and the more people are in sorrow and suffering and broken and sad and lonely and homesick, the more religious fanaticism appeals and the more religious fanatics attempt to build upon the heartache and hunger of humanity until we have this whole spectacle of 1900 years of warring, quarreling, theological church

fighting, argument over religion, over Christ, over Paul, with church after church springing up bearing the names of men, creed after creed being written, the quarrel with every other creed, Christianity breaking, philosophically, up into fragments, some following Arius, some Comenius, and other theologians, then the revivals of the Wesleys, then all of this upheaval with humanity hungry, intellectually impoverished, emotionally twisted, temperamentally chaotic, confused, broken, and in the midst of all this, for 19 centuries organized ecclesiasticism as an influence in preventing an upheaval of the world in war was almost nil. The church could not stop a world catastrophe! Religion, as exemplified in mere institutionalism, wholly, completely and tragically failed. There it stood, speculating, arguing about baptisms, about orders, about sacraments, about Pauline theology, arguing, arguing, arguing, and a world dying!

What must I do to be saved? It is not enough that I be saved, it is not enough that you be saved, for to most people being saved means being "safe" —it is security the world wants from its religion, *SAFE*—being *sure* that my soul shall not burn in hell, being *sure* that my life is under the blood, putting my sins, my failures upon the innocent shoulders of the innocent heart of earth's loveliest creature, letting him die with his warm life blood falling to the sands of time for my sins, and that my salvation was assured and my safety for all eternity was felt because I had followed certain theology and customs of ages.

My dear friends and people of this beloved Church, that type of emphasis that spasmodically occurs in an upheaval of feeling and devotion and appealing to the fears and the heartaches of people, that interest which always is a phenomenon of war and then recedes back again, that comes in cycles and cannot be maintained in its enthusiasm, is not the Spirit of Christ. Every time that the Teacher came face to face with a human soul and an individual soul had the opportunity of seeing, speaking, conferring with him, what was his emphasis, what was his emphasis? Theology? Jesus was no theologian at all; theology never interested Christ, He had no time for the arguments and the quarrels; what did he emphasize? Every time when Paul responded to the jailer who said: "What must I do to be saved?" Paul replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Of course, of course, that is elemental. When John, the beloved disciple, rose to the supreme heights of his own mystical comprehension of the full stature of the significance of Christ, what did he say? "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth in Him should have eternal life." And what have we done with that great truth, what does it mean to believe in a man? Let the theologians and those who are surfeited with the brutalities of an illiterate orthodoxy, let them shout and scream and shriek and cry from the housetops: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, believe, Believe, BELIEVE!" Yes, yes, believe, but it is primary indisputable truth, that *belief without action is useless.* I could *believe* until the hour of my death that Jesus was the son of God, I could *believe* in the power of the shed blood of Christ until doomsday, I could *believe* in the full equipment of all credal statements about Christ and God, but *IF I DID NOT TRANSLATE MY BELIEF INTO ACTION WITH MY FELLOWMAN, BELIEVING WOULD NEVER SAVE ME, FOR NO MAN*

IS EVER SAVED UNTO HIMSELF ALONE! MY SALVATION IS ONLY CERTAIN WHEN I LOSE MY LIFE THAT ANOTHER MIGHT FIND HIS! That was the divine paradox of Christ: "He that saveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life shall find it."

If the Church of God had spent its energy for 19 centuries building up a society in which economic soundness and industrial righteousness had evolved an environment in which the cancer of poverty and of racial hatreds and of religious bigotries had not flowered, all of which resulted in the shedding of blood for the world in war; if Christianity had turned its back upon its theologians who got the minds of people confused and harassed and excited into the sphere of chaos . . . if Christianity had followed Christ, you would have a different world today. For every time that Christ was consulted he had something to say about *service to his fellowmen.*

I have read you one incident in the lesson. "What must I do to inherit eternal life?" shouted that young lawyer to Christ. "What must I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus Christ never mentioned one word about the "Trinity"—Jesus never said to that young man, "Do you believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost?" Not a word. Did Jesus turn to that young man and say to him, "Are you going to be sprinkled, or immersed, or dipped, or poured?" Not a word. Did Jesus say to that young man: "Do you know the difference between transubstantiation and consubstantiation?" Not a word. Did Jesus say to him: "What do you think of predestination and foreordination?" . . . those mumps and measles of the human soul belong to the arguments of Paul. Jesus looked at the young man and said: "What does it say there in the law?" "Well, it says to do this and that." "Thou hast spoken well, love thy neighbor as thyself, go about doing good," said the Master of Galilee. Jesus had no use, none whatever, in any human relationship of this earth, for the theological arguments that have grown up about him.

What do you think would happen if we would have courage and bravery in this hour in the field of industry, in the field of commerce, in the field of government, in the field of international relations, in every sphere of human life today . . . what do you think would happen? Forget all about the arguments, all about theologies—I ask you simply, plainly, humbly, "What must I do to be saved?" Why, if we believe in Jesus truly, we will find our salvation in putting into practice the things that the man we believe in asked us to put into practice. The test of our belief will be our practices. And what do you think would happen to the world? Sometimes I like to envisage above all the consternation, the confusion, the strikes, the war, everything, all of the consternation and chaos and confusion of our modern world, what would happen, what would it be like, if there should be a sound of a great trumpet, and a great eternal trumpeter from the galaxy of the eternal would blow upon his trumpet and a great silence would fall upon the world, all the noise, all the confusion, all the arguments, everything would stop, all the injustice, everything would stop, and right in the midst of the silence let there materialize the personality of one so sensitive to human needs, so sensitive to spiritual values, so sensitive to intellectual rectitude, so sensitive to the worthwhileness of the human personality, (for the very kernel of the philosophy of Jesus was the dignity of man, the worthwhileness of the human personality); and I some-

times wonder what would happen to the world if the churches would stop their arguments, if all the noise and the competition of religion would cease, if the quarreling and bickering and arguing would stop for a moment and above all the din of it someone would cry: "What must I do to be saved?" The answer would be so beautiful: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

No man is saved unto himself, and let the words of Plato thunder down the centuries: "No permanent harm can ever happen to a good person in this world, or any other." *The final test of any person's religion is to be found in how he dignifies human life, and the only way that a man can honor God is not by the repetitious ceremonies of religion; the only way that we can honor God is by honoring the life which God gives us: THAT IS SALVATION!*

Taken From Dr. Bradley's Latest Book "My Daily Strength"

WHY WAIT?

The tragedy is that so many people under blue skies, fair winds, quiet seas and calm days do not feel that deep sense of need that establishes their relationship with that which is basic in religion. Only when the storm breaks, death comes, illness overtakes us, when we lose our jobs, when we become hungry—do we cry "I need the church! I need God!" I know that is a universal characteristic, but what I would like to say is, if we did not wait unil we needed God but attempted immediately to get into our consciousness that perhaps God needs us now, we would build up a fortification, a barrier, impregnable and impervious to these conditions. It would do something for your health, your finances, your trouble, and the happiness of your home.

Eternal Heart, though the deep blue of Thy beautiful sky seems obscured, and our hearts would automatically be chilled and our spirits depressed, we would express with exultation and with gladness the deep quality of our faith in the certain knowledge that the sky is still blue, that love is still love, that kindness and all the loveliness of which the human heart is capable is still real.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

ONE of my favorite newspapers is the *Christian Science Monitor*. Invariably I find something dignifying and ennobling in that journalistic rarity which is free from glorifying the weaknesses and mistakes of mankind. Some time ago there was an article entitled "Beauty Is Where You Find It." The title intrigued me —"Beauty Is Where You Find It."

We are now entering a new year. May the spirit of friendliness and consideration and kindness deepen in all of our hearts that we may experience the full beauty and significance of what it means to start anew. Many of us miss the whole beauty of life because we make no adequate plans for making life beautiful. Let us begin right where we are, and whatever the year may have of marvel or surprise, we will be participants in the full beauty and glory of it.

The article "Beauty Is Where You Find It," which I mentioned a moment ago, had to do with a group of women out in Pasadena who held,—of all things,—what they called a "Weed Show." This was the first weed show ever held. It caught on immediately. It aroused national interest. It created more discussion and comment than any exhibition held in California, and that is saying a great deal. Think of it!—An exhibition devoted entirely to weeds. There was vase after vase, case after case, of just common, ordinary weeds and grasses. The people who came and looked at them invariably expressed astonishment and amazement at the beauty of some of the weeds—the loveliness of their form and the exquisite beauty of their color. The exhibition had many educational advantages, but the one over-all truth that came out of the entire display was the discovery that what was a weed in some states was a flower in another, and what was a flower in one state might be considered a weed in another. For example, Queen Anne's Lace is a common weed in New England but it is esteemed as a flower in California. And the early summer Goldenrod which is a weed in New England is also a garden flower in California. The Kansas Gay Feather which is a weed in the mid-west, out here where we live, in New England is considered a garden flower. The Steeple Bush, the Meadow Sweet, the Meadow Rue and the common Dock can all be combined for

table decorations which add charm and loveliness to any room.

The great and much beloved H. B. Meyer of England used to tell the story of seeing a noble collection of Chrysanthemums, and the gardener who had been responsible for them said to him: "All these glorious blooms came from the Daisy, the outcast field Daisy." "I see," said Dr. Meyer, "a Chrysanthemum is a field Daisy, plus man." One cannot think of weeds and flowers without thinking of one of the greatest and at the same time most humble of men who ever dwelt among us in this country—the incomparable scientist-botanist, lover of all beauty and of all living things—Luther Burbank. Luther Burbank demonstrated that a weed plus man is a flower. He did this with the common field Daisy, which is so much despised by many farmers. Mr. Burbank once said to Dr. Stidger that he first took interest in the outcast weed because every man's hand seemed to be against it. This is what Luther Burbank said that he did with the common field Daisy:—"I crossed it with a Japanese Daisy and an English Daisy and produced the Shasta Daisy. The bloom of my Shasta Daisy has grown as much as two feet in circumference and seven inches from tip to tip. It will grow anywhere out of doors where the cold will not kill an oak tree, and when cut it will last six weeks. I also took the despised Arizona Desert Cactus and bred out of it, its poison, and all of its spikes, and made it edible for horses and cattle. It is my theory," says Luther Burbank, "that there are no outcasts in nature. Everything has a use and everything in nature is beautiful if we are eager to ennoble it. Every weed is a possible human flower."

It makes one almost breathless just to stop and think: "What would happen if, in all of our associations together, we would attempt to turn the ugly and the cruel into beauty and kindness?" We tried everything else. An age which is predominantly militaristic and mechanistic anchors itself to conferences, leagues, organizations, committees, activity, noise, argument, and all of it seems impotent and futile. If we could only try in our individual relationships with life to bring out the best and the finest, it would all be much, much simpler and much easier. Mr. Burbank used to say that when you analyzed it all, doing wrong was simply a bad bargain, and with that winsome twinkle which was always in his eye, he said, "doing harm to a plant or a child, taking advantage of a neighbor in a business deal, being unkind to animal or human, cheating in friendship or marriage—what you call sin—narrows itself down to being a bad bargain." And that's exactly what it is. This, too, has been verified a thousand, thousand times, and each one of us, deep down in his heart, knows how true it is.

Yes, beauty is where you find it. It doesn't depend so much upon what we find as it does on what we bring ourselves. Most people underestimate that truth. They are disappointed in an art gallery, in a church, in a concert, in a person, in an address, and they forget that it is what they bring with them to the gallery, to the church, to the concert, that matters quite as much as what they go to see or hear. The Bard of Avon, that myriad-minded Shakespeare, says it all in the familiar quotation: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not within our stars, but within ourselves, that we are underlings."

There is within us all latent and potential capacities which can be developed, trained, and when effectively used, they will transform every weedlike life and weedlike personality into the symmetry and perfection of goodness and beauty. There are many misunderstood and criticized people in the

world, who may be like the weed—misunderstood flowers. Perhaps they need a little cultivating. A little care and thoughtfulness—a little patient understanding — a little sunshine wafted from your more abundant supply, may work a miracle of transformation in their lives and bring out some unsuspected flowerlike quality of beauty and grace. You who have worked with your victory gardens might try your hand at human gardening. The rewards are even more interesting and worth while.

P. B.

BOOK CHATS

AS WE begin the New Year of our Book Chats together, I am bringing to your attention one of the most fascinating, unique and rare books it has been my privilege to read. The title of the book is "Peculiarities of the Presidents"—"a peek into their public and private lives." The author is Don Smith, of Van Wert, Ohio, a well-known lecturer and author. The book deals with all of the presidents of the United States, including the present President, Mr. Franklin Roosevelt.

You are not to think of this book as another book dealing with the lives of the presidents in the usual biographical sense. The fact of the matter is that it does not discuss the Presidents at all in the way in which we usually think of biography, but gives us interesting and quite largely unknown facts about them.

Mr. Smith, the author, spent nine years in assembling the material and writing this rare, unique and unusually interesting book. He traveled many thousands of miles to visit the homes of the presidents and interviewed relatives and authorities to get this unusual information. Many dusty volumes were searched and made to give up their forgotten treasures. Countless letters were written to verify the extraordinary, strange and rare statements found in many of these old volumes. In this book the author has given us a glimpse of the human side of the presidents. It is odd and novel, and presents facts that most of us never heard of but will never forget. It illumines the lives of our presidents, and gives facts that explain many of the things the presidents did, and which constituted contributing factors toward making them the men they were.

Here are some of the facts which I found in the book: One president had an artificial jaw; another lost an eye while president. One slept eleven hours each day; one died from exposure to the heat; another died from exposure to the cold; one weighed less than 100 pounds; one president got stuck in the White House bathtub. One president once hanged a man; one president wore the same hat for ten years and another had 80 pairs of trousers. One at 54 married a girl of 20; another at 49 married a girl of 22. One at 82 founded a university; one was taught to read by his wife. And if you are interested in questions about our presidents, here are a few which you will find answered in the book: What president made his own edition of the Bible? What president married the same wife twice? What president never voted until he was 62? What president had his clothes stolen while swim-

ming? What president was arrested for speeding in Washintgon? What president was known for his night parties? What president was considered our most friendly president? And here are a few more: What president had the most hilarious inaugural, and which one lost his inaugural address? What president was secretly sworn into office? What president had false teeth made of rhinoceros ivory? What president wrote a reprieve to save a turkey's life? What president served a $500-cake in the White House? What president often fell asleep at important conferences? At whose inaugural ball were tickets sold for $20 each? And which president's body lay in state in fourteen different cities? Where was Lincoln's bodyguard when he was shot? Which president's wife was called "Lemonade Lu?" And which president's wife smoked a corncob pipe in the White House? Talk about your Quiz Program! This sounds like one, doesn't it? Theodore Roosevelt often read as many as three books in one evening. He read at top speed, a paragraph at a glance and once he rode horseback 106 miles in a single day.

Benjamin Harrison made 140 speeches in 30 days on an official tour to the Pacific Coast and never repeated a single speech. He was an orator of chaste and scholarly style. President Chester Arthur was the beau brummel of the White House and was the most fastidious dresser ever to be president of the United States. He was famed as a host as well, and once served a 14-course dinner during his presidency. It was President Fillmore who installed the first bathtub in the White House (and at a comparatively recent date, for he was president from 1850 to 1853). It was made of sheets of metal, soldered together; and President Fillmore never saw a map of the United States of America until he was 19.

The only preacher to ever occupy the White House was James A. Garfield, who often filled pulpits of his church, The Disciples of Christ. And so this book, which has had such an enthusiastic reception by educators and the reading public, is a contribution to our knowledge of our presidents, and its value consists in enabling us to better understand them.

* * *

On the 13th of November there was published a book all America will be reading ere many weeks have gone by. I am sure that most of my readers will remember "The Citadel," "The Keys of the Kingdom," "The Stars Look Down." Well, the man who wrote those books has now given us another one which he calls "The Green Years." Dr. A. J. Cronin, the author, has been five years writing this novel. He is so much of an artist, and holds his literary reputation so highly, that he, unlike some others one could mention, does not, after a great best seller, hurriedly write another book. Dr. Cronin takes time—time to pay attention to those little, sometimes almost minute, details which make for perfection and fine writing. And what a relief it is to find a novel that, while it deals with controversial matters, particularly in the field of religion, is not filled with vulgarity and salaciousness. Dr. Cronin never wrote a vulgar line, and he never portrayed an incident in any of his novels which touched the borderline of indecency, as so many modern novelists do, and yet his realism is just as realistic as their so-called realism. To Dr. Cronin a sunset is just as real as a barnyard. Up until now his two best known books are "The Citadel" and "The Keys of the Kingdom." His latest book, "The Green Years," will, in my humble

opinon be more widely read and discussed than either of these two I have just mentioned.

Dr. Cronin at the age of 33 developed a gastric ulcer which necessitated his leaving his London West End practice to take a long rest in the West Highlands of Scotland. There he wrote his first book, "Hatter's Castle," which became popular on both sides of the Atlantic, many critics comparing its style and material to the novels of Charles Dickens. Dr. Cronin interrupted his medical status in the last war to serve in the Royal Navy, and later was graduated from Glasgow University with honors. He became a ship's surgeon and then a medical inspector of mines in South Wales, where he came to know the tragic poverty of Britain's masses. He settled in London and built up a very fine practice, but during all the time he really wanted to write, and it was while he was convalescing on the Scottish farm and had so much time on his hands, that he started his first novel. By the time he had finished it his ulcer was a thing of the past, and he went back to London, where he found a publisher for his book, and his interesting writing career was under way.

Like all novelists who write authoritatively, Dr. Cronin is able to give vitality to his characters because of his knowledge of life. His first book was the choice of the book society, was dramatized and made into a Hollywood movie, translated into 19 languages and sold over three million copies. Dr. Cronin did most of his writing at his country place in Sussex, but at the present time he is living in Connecticut with his family. Since 1933 he has written seven novels, including "The Green Years," which we are talking about tonight. One might judge somewhat of the literary style of Dr. Cronin by remembering that his own favorite authors are Stevenson, Scott and Joseph Conrad. Each of these writers lives in English literature as belonging to the first rank. Dr. Cronin's novels have all had that quiet strength and powerful appeal because they have dealt with those common emotions which surge and sway through the heart of all humanity.

"The Green Years" is a study of adolescence, but treated far differently than some of our other writers have done. It tells a simple story of young Robert Shannon, whose mother was Scottish and whose father was an irrepressible Dublin Irishman, and the difficulties which beset him as he grows to manhood. Robert was orphaned at the age of 8, and he is brought back from Ireland to a small town to live with his grandparents. Everything which the child has to go through in this new environment seems to make him ridiculous in the eyes of the people about him. The clothes that his grandmother puts upon him, his Irish name, his Catholic religion, all set him apart in this little Calvinist community; and surrounding him is a strange assortment of relatives;—a grandfather, an amazing great-grandfather, who, having made a failure of his own life, tries in his own way to save young Robert Shannon from making a failure of his. The story moves around Robert and his triumphs; those old familiar experiences of childhood which we have all shared in some degree or another. As one goes through these experiences with Robert, and life in all of its aspects, namely, family friends, school friends, church, love, ambition—any reader cannot help but recognize a little bit of his own life. While there are many important characters, and as in all fine novels even the minor characters are important characters, the story primarily re-

volves around young Robert Shannon and old Cadger Gow, the irresponsible, boasting, poverty stricken, lovable old rake, but who, before the story ends, rises to one of the most glorious altitudes of human life.

In this quiet, yet at times restless story, there is no hint of war whatever, and the influence or fact of war is not a factor in any of the lives of the characters at all. It is just a story of human relations, human emotions, human personalities against the background of human nature; and while the title "The Green Years" would imply that it is all about youth and young people, paradoxically the great-grandfather of Robert Shannon is just about the youngest person in the book. This young lad, brought up with his religious background and environment, transplated to Scotland, passes through many tragic experiences, and the old great-grandfather, who understands him better than anyone else, stands by him straight through, in episode after episode. These two characters have achieved an enduring place in literature,—of that I am sure. The great-grandfather may remind you at times of Falstaff or one of the characters out of Anatole France. I thought, as I finished the book, that perhaps here was the beginning of a series of books by Dr. Cronin (dealing with young Robert Shannon; for as young Shannon matures, it will be in a world which will undergo such changes that the world out of which he came will be a world belonging wholly to the past. Perhaps Dr. Cronin will tell us more of Robert Shannon. If he does, we will all be waiting gladly for the story.

* * *

It has been my privilege to know Dr. Ralph W. Sockman for many years —probably most of you are familiar with his voice as it comes to us and has, for a long time, every Sunday morning, over a national radio pulpit. Dr. Sockman is one of the most influential voices in American public life and anything he says or writes is worthy of consideration and attention. And he has now written a book called "Date With Destiny." He is the distinguished minister of Christ Methodist Church in New York City. He served with the army YMCA in the last war and then came to Christ church, where he has had such a distinguished and effective ministry. This book, "Date With Destiny," is not a book of sermons, although it wouldn't do any of us any harm to read and to hear more sermons than most of us do. The preachers, Jewish, Catholic and Protestant, up and down this land, as a rule are striking some rather high notes. They are sounding out truth for this and future generations as important and eternal as is coming from any other source. The contribution which the American pulpit of all denominations and creeds is making to this hour is a lofty one indeed, for most of these men are seeing beyond and through the confusion and chaos of this present moment onto the higher ground. They may all differ in theology and in credal emphasis, but I know of no church of any creed or any minister of any creed who is not, as the heart of his message standing for things that are good and fine. No church, Catholic, Jewish or Protestant, that I know of, is teaching from its pulpit a bad message or a destructive one. They are all trying to help people to be finer and to create a better world.

In this new book, "Date With Destiny," Dr. Sockman has performed a unique and much needed task. The book was first delivered as the Fondren lectures for 1943 at the Southern Methodist University. The general title for the lectures was "Religion's Third

Front," and when they were published, after a certain rearrangement of the material the book was entitled "Date With Destiny." Dr. Sockman says a few years ago his friend Dr. Alfred D. Moore, who was an editor of Methodist Church School literature, suggested to him the writing of a book on the American Way of Life, and said, "Why not use the Preamble of our federal constitution as a pattern and fill in the clauses with your interpretation?" Dr. Sockman had another book under way at the time, and the suggestion was forgotten, at least so he thought. And then one day when these lectures were being prepared, there flashed into his mind as if for the first time, he says, the idea of using the Preamble of the Constitution as the framework for the argument, and it was only after this book was nearly completed that Dr. Sockman ran again across Dr. Moore's letter, showing that sometimes things remain in our subconscious mind, as in this particular case and are never quite forgotten. Dr. Sockman tells us that the material of this book is an upsurge of ideas which he has long been thinking.

The book is not the result of cloistered meditation, but of multitudinous contacts with men in all walks of life. Dr. Sockman has gone up and down the length and breadth of this country for many years, speaking to a wide diversity of groups, and on many different occasions. This does give a man an opportunity of learning what the people are interested in, what they are thinking and doing. Neither is the book a program for the post-war world, but, as Dr. Sockman himself says, it gives the viewpoint of one private citizen as he looks out on the American scene in this hour of supreme crisis. I like this sentence which Dr. Sockman uses in the foreword and I quote: "The task of our generation is to keep faith with the greatness of those who have gone before us, so that we shall not betray those who come after us." "The fundamental principles bequeathed to us by the founding fathers must now be projected into the frontiers of the future. Our youth do not know what kind of a world they will be living in tomorrow, but every youth of twelve years or over should know what kind of a present he wishes tomorrow to be and the days after tomorrow. The war is changing the conditions of living, but not the goals of life or the patterns of personality. This book aims to lift the enduring objects and standards of our democratic way of life above the smoke of battle and the blueprints of post-war reconstruction. Even the longest journey has to begin with the first step. This is a book of first steps. It is not another war book nor is it designed to be a discussion of the coming peace. The wise old negro minister who made the observation that it now looks as if the duration would last longer than the war, spoke more truthfully than perhaps he realized."

Dr. Sockman is sure, and I think quite rightly so, that the unsettlement after the guns cease firing may present the severest test of civilization. And he says he has tried to project his thinking to those continuing tasks which will eventually make ours a *nation Christian in culture as well as in name.* Though he writes from the standpoint of one who calls himself a Christian, it is no narrow or sectarian discussion. Here is a book—"Date With Destiny" —by Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, which I commend to you and which, whatever your own religious loyalty and racial identity might happen to be, will bring you a renewal of appreciation for the greatness of America's past and a new birth of confidence for America's future.

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

WE STAND at the head of a new trail—one we have not traveled before. Where does it lead? What of happiness and sorrow and pleasure shall we find along the way? For many the old year closed sadly—many hearts were burdened with grief. May they find along the New Year Trail that the sun still shines, and that life holds something beyond their sorrow. I always think of a New Year as being like a new road, stretching ahead of us, clean and clear. Much of it will be as we ourselves make it, but also there will be rough spots we had nothing to do with creating. Experience and faith will help us over these, and lead us on! New paths often have bumps and stony stretches that make the traveler weary and footsore, but if we keep on and droop not with discouragement we find it brings us into fairer fields and flower-grown by-paths—the path we've been looking for—our very own! We need not fear when we are seemingly lost in the darkness—if we hold fast to faith—and hope—and prayer—we will surely find the light ahead!

Now, because I want you to have some most interesting letters I have picked out of the bag, and they are quite long, I am going to give the space to them and resist the impulse to say more personally. The first letter is from one of our radio members in China, and besides being very interesting it has the distinction of being the first published in this column from that country. The letter follows:—

10-12-44 China

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I want to express to you my profound appreciation for the lovely gift, your book "My Daily Strength." I haven't as yet had the opportunity to read it through, but from the few pages I have read, I know I shall enjoy it and be greatly helped by having it with me. Many times I have thought of the words of Thomas Paine: "These are the times that try men's souls." How true that is today. Our souls are certainly being tried, our hearts do become lonely in our dreams of home and our loved ones there. To have a message like the one you have so splendidly put into "My Daily Strength" will be the source of upliftment during the coming weeks and months. I was reminded just today that my last visit to the People's Church was last February 27th. I came across the church program that I received on that Sunday.

Since that day I have traveled many miles and have seen many sections of the world. I have seen the beautiful countryside of Africa, I have seen India with her teeming millions and the poverty existing there. Now I am in China and there is poverty here also. If my life in the army doesn't do anything else, I am certain that my travel around the world will make me appreciate all the more the blessings in

America. I can close my eyes and see my home, see Chicago and the People's Church. Among the many things I miss in the army, one of the most greatly missed is Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, when I always was at my radio in my home in Decatur, tuned in to the People's Church of Chicago.

Amidst all the turmoil of the world today, the bloodshed, the destruction and waste, I have hope of a better tomorrow—a better tomorrow, when hate and animosity will have vanished and peace will be our lot.

In closing, I do so with this sentence of prayer that I have just read from your book: "Oh, infinite manifestation of Eternal Goodness, interpret unto the world Thy perfect way of life." Good night and God bless you, and may this your 33rd year in the Peoples Church be one of your greatest. Sincerely yours, Pvt. Kenneth D. Campbell.

* * *

A fifteen year old school girl in Beloit, Illinois, has written a charming letter expressing a beautiful thought—a prose poem I would call it. We appreciate it very much and hope she makes a practice of expressing in written form her lovely thoughts:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—The other day as I listened to your program you spoke of peace. Yesterday as I was sitting at my window I watched the snowfall, and thought of the word peace. The snow has a comforting message of peace that I couldn't help feeling as I watched it. I love to walk when the snow falls. Here is the message I seem to get as I walk:—The snow is a cover of white, which somehow makes you forget your troubles and worries. The quiet, noiseless, soft-falling snow seems to say forget your troubles and walk along with me. I am a messenger from God. I signify peace. Come, and I will help comfort you on your way. That is the feeling I get as the snow crunches beneath my feet and the soft cover of comfort of God falls around me. As I walk along I wish everybody would get that feeling, too. And then I think of the boys over there. Every person wants their sons and relatives back so they can walk along together in the snow. And if people don't buy bonds because they say they can't afford them, when they could do without something to be able to buy one, that person or persons have killed an American boy! And as they walk along in the falling snow this is called to their mind: *You* may have *murdered* an *American soldier* or *maybe more,* because *you have not bought a bond.* The silent message of peace of the white cover of God makes your heart ache as it falls. That's the feeling I get from the silent cover that falls softly and without a care. . . . I buy stamps as often as I can and only wish I could do more. But you see I am only 15 years old, so I stick to 'lickin' ' stamps and fightin' waste.

Yours truly,
Miss Rita Hurst."

* * *

Up in the Minnesota North Woods where we live in the summer, we have many friends among the townspeople, and there they have a chapter of the Izaak Walton League, which they named the Dr. Preston Bradley Chapter. Today Dr. Bradley received a letter from the State Forester, Buck Holter, and I am going to give you that letter now to read. Their gift of a tree and the thought which prompted it made us happier than almost any present we could get! Christmas Day and the tree from our beloved Lake Vermilion have not yet arrived, as I prepare this for our January Liberalist, but they will come—and our Christmas will be cheerier as we sit around the tree—breathing its aromatic scent

—and know it represents so many friendly thoughts:—

Dec. 19, 1944. Tower, Minn.

"Dear Doctor:—

Mentioned the other day that I intended sending you a Christmas tree. Andy Erickson suggested it be sent from the I. W. L. A. Today by express I am sending you a balsam tree from the Preston Bradley Chapter, I. W. L. A.

I hope you, your family and your friends will enjoy looking at the tree and feel the Christmas spirit as much as I did getting it, knowing that it was to be for you.

As a protector of 'Woods, Water and Wildlife,' this tree is sent you as a token of appreciation for the fine work you have done for us all, and the Tower and Lake Vermilion country.

Within the next year I hope the war will end, and all the men and women in the armed services can be home and enjoy Christmas as we will.

Wishing you and the family a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Sincerely, Buck."

* * *

A letter enclosing a lovely poem came from the cousin of some active members of our church family—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bryan. There are many, many poems being written nowadays, but not all of them by any means are worthy of being published. This one is, and we are glad to have it appear in The Liberalist:—

Dear Dr. Bradley: This morning while listening to your service over the radio I had a very great desire to send to you this little poem that came to me the other day while in deep meditation. My cousins (through marriage), Frank and Ella Bryan, are indeed devoted members of your church. I also feel that I have known you for many years because you spoke at my High School graduation exercises in the little town of Paxton, Illinois, way back in 1915. I do admire your work, and your broad-minded sermons are much needed today. Keep on and on giving out the truth to the people. Every one of us needs it in this chaotic world we, ourselves, have made through our wrong thinking. I enclose the poem. Very truly yours, Ethel Reusnow."

"The Power of Prayer

Lord, teach *us* the power of prayer,
That our boys have learned over there.
On a lifeboat out on the ocean wide,
They felt Your Presence at their side,
They knew who sent that food and rain,
They knew when they prayed, it was not in vain.
Their lives will never again be the same,
For they *know* the power of prayer.
Lord, teach *us* the power of prayer,
That our boys have learned over there.
With the bombs and shells bursting all around,
There in the foxholes deep in the ground,
When death seemed close—they *learned* to pray.
They are learning to put their lives in your care;
Sometimes they come in "on a wing and a prayer"—
Oh, Lord, give *us* that faith this day."

* * *

When the lights are lowered and the curtain goes down on 1944—may I venture the hope and the prayer that it will rise on a New Year which will bring Unity—Peace and Good-Will to the Peoples of the earth!—Be sure to write—

AND — KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

Our Gratitude

The Peoples Church, its pastor, its trustees, and all the allied organizations of the church, join in expressing to you, the members, the radio listeners, and all the friends of the church, our heartfelt thanks and deepest appreciation for all the contributions, the thoughtfulness, the effort and the financial support which brought the Peoples Church Bazaar to such a happy and outstanding success.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

November 15th to December 15th

NOVEMBER

15—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

16—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Chicago Chapter D.A.R. Stevens Hotel.

17—Radio Address. WGN.
Youth Conference. Council Chambers. City Hall.
Address. Oak Park Discussion Group. Oak Park, Ill. South Branch Library.

19—Two Services. Peoples Church.

20—Radio Address. WGN.
Address commemorating 50 years of work of Burton Holmes. Bismarck Hotel.

21—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Cleveland School PTA. Skokie, Ill.

22—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

23—Thanksgiving Service. Peoples Church.
Radio Address. WGN.

24—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Greater Bethesda Church.

25—Attended Luncheon. Reinhold Neibuhr.
Address. Ill. Masonic Hospital, School of Nurses.
Radio Address. WLS Blue Network. Pacific Theatre — 6th Victory Loan.

26—Two Services. Peoples Church.

27—Radio Address. WGN. Transcription.
Address. Omaha Ad-Sell League. Fontanelle Hotel.

28—Radio Address. WGN.

29—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

30—Meeting. Advisory Com. on Allocation of Dogs from Mun. Animal Shelter. Health Department Building.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Kokomo, Ind. Temple B'Nai Israel. (Address broadcast WKMO).

DECEMBER

1—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. North Side Animal Shelter. Ravenswood Masonic Temple.

2—Address. WGN - WMAQ - WLS - WBBM and many other stations in Bond Drive.

3—Two Services. Peoples Church.

4—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. First Congregational Church, Berwyn. 50th Anniv.

5—Radio Address—WGN.
Address. Veterans' Assn. Burlington Lines.

6—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Friends of Drama. Swedish Club.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

7—Radio Address. WGN.
Meeting. Chi. Council Agnst. Racial Discrimination.
Address. Pearl Harbor Anniv. Uptown OCD. Gowan Hall.
Bazaar. Peoples Church.

8—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Student Assembly. Langley School.
Bazaar. Peoples Church.

9—Radio Address. NBC Blue Network.

10—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Evening Service. Peoples Church.
Youth Conference Mass Meeting.

11—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Assn. of Commerce. South Bend, Ind.
Address. Men's Club. Peoples Church.

12—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Park Ridge Woman's Club.
Book Review. Uptown Players Center.

13—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. American Trucking Conference.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

14—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Community Lodge of Masons. Masonic Temple.

CHRISTENINGS

NOVEMBER

19—Veronica Lee Orlow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Orlow.

22—Marjorie Joan Van Praagh, adult.

26—Pamela Rae Teska, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Teska.

DECEMBER

3—Nicholas Ayars Lore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Lore.

10—Terrance Thomas Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart.
Thomas Michael Sloan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sloan.

WEDDINGS

NOVEMBER

19—Curtis Brown and Mrs. Alberta Fleming.

21—Gilbert R. Appelquist and Hazel Standefer.

22—Theodore L. Johnson and Vivian L. Pierson.

25—Lt. R. L. Timmerman and Jane Taylor.

28—Ben Olsen and Lucille Nelson.
John McCullough and Geraldine Waga.

DECEMBER

2—John Ralph Priek, Jr., and Clara J. Burkholder.

3—Kenneth K. Jackson and Adeline Sime.

9—Philip Klein and Gloria Andrews.
William Urban and Lolita Bonnevier.

12—V. T. Moyer and Eulalia Corey.

15—Walter B. Ashton and Eunice S. Gibbs.

FUNERALS

NOVEMBER

15—Lucille Keenig.

18—John Duers.

24—Frank Oldenbach.
James Kazda.

30—Arthur Butzow.

DECEMBER

2—Edward Hunter.

7—Waldo Sherwood.
Mrs. Mary B. Waterbury.

9—Philip G. Kopp.

12—Mrs. Hermine Schipek.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN, *Director*

1219 N. LaSalle Street — Whitehall 5257

✦ ✦ ✦

January Production

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

William Shakespeare

(held over by popular request)

Every Friday and Saturday—8:30 p.m.—95c inc. tax

Kathe Zoder as Kathrina
Bob Barron as Petrucio
John Salling as Baptista
Noel Roerig as Bianca
Walleigh Rasmussen as Grumio
Al Sannas as Lucentio
Frank Coyle as Gremio
Blanche Barrett as the Widow Tranio
J. Bradley-Griffin as Curtis
and 25 others in the cast

✦ ✦ ✦

Wednesday, January 3rd, 1945

The Uptown Players present

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN, Director
in a Book Lecture
"THEY BURNED THE BOOKS"
by Stephen Vincent Benet
at The Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

✦ ✦ ✦

JANUARY DRAMA TEA

Sunday, January 7th, 4:00 p.m.

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN IN DRAMATIC RECITAL

"The Devil and Daniel Webster" by Stephen Vincent Benet
with JOE ANDERSON at the piano
Distinguished guest: LILLIAN FOSTER now appearing in "Ten Little Indians"
Who will present one of her well-known Mono-Dramas.

✦ ✦ ✦

AUDITIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP IN
THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Sunday, January 14th, 4:00 p.m.

1219 N. LaSalle St.

Anyone interested in acting, business management, scene design, costume, publicity, radio, or any phase of the theatre is eligible for this audition.

Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
*Lt. George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
*H. John Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Cpl. Wendell Estal
Winslow Heg
Maj. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Maj. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane R. Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Cpl. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Lt. Carroll D. York
Robert Hannum

J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
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PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) ..... 11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast) ..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall... 9:30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening Church Auditorium. 7:30 p.m.

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Anderson Hall....9:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Mon., Jan. 8—Mid-Season Tea, Edgewater Beach Hotel ..... 1:00 p.m.

J. Bradley-Griffin, Dramatic Recitalist; Margaret Cashman, Solovox Duo; Vera Fitzgerald Hazen, Lyric Soprano. Reservations, Church Office, Lon. 6878.

Mon., Jan. 22—Reciprocity Day and American Home Day, Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.

Mrs. Rufus Lee, Chairman; Speaker, Rabbi Louis L. Mann; Subject: Problem Parents. Hobby Exhibit.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, January 15th ..... 8:30 p.m.

Illustrated lecture by Sam Campbell, Philosopher of the Forest—"Out Where the West Begins" (the beautiful Black Hills and Bad Lands of So. Dakota) in natural color motion pictures; and Movie Menagerie Prologue of unusual and amusing Animal Pictures. Auditorium of the Peoples Church. Public invited. Adults, 50c; children, 35c.

MEN'S CLUB—Fourth Monday of each month, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Program to be announced. J. A. Ericksen, Sec., 2223 W. Eastwood Ave.

USHERS' CLUB—Every other Thursday night of each month, Anderson Hall, Sec., Wm. Emrich, Ard. 4462..... 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257. (See Special Schedule, page 22 of this issue.)

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